

**SALVATION** IS THE PANACEA FOR THE  
WORLD'S WOES.

THE  
SALVATION ARMY

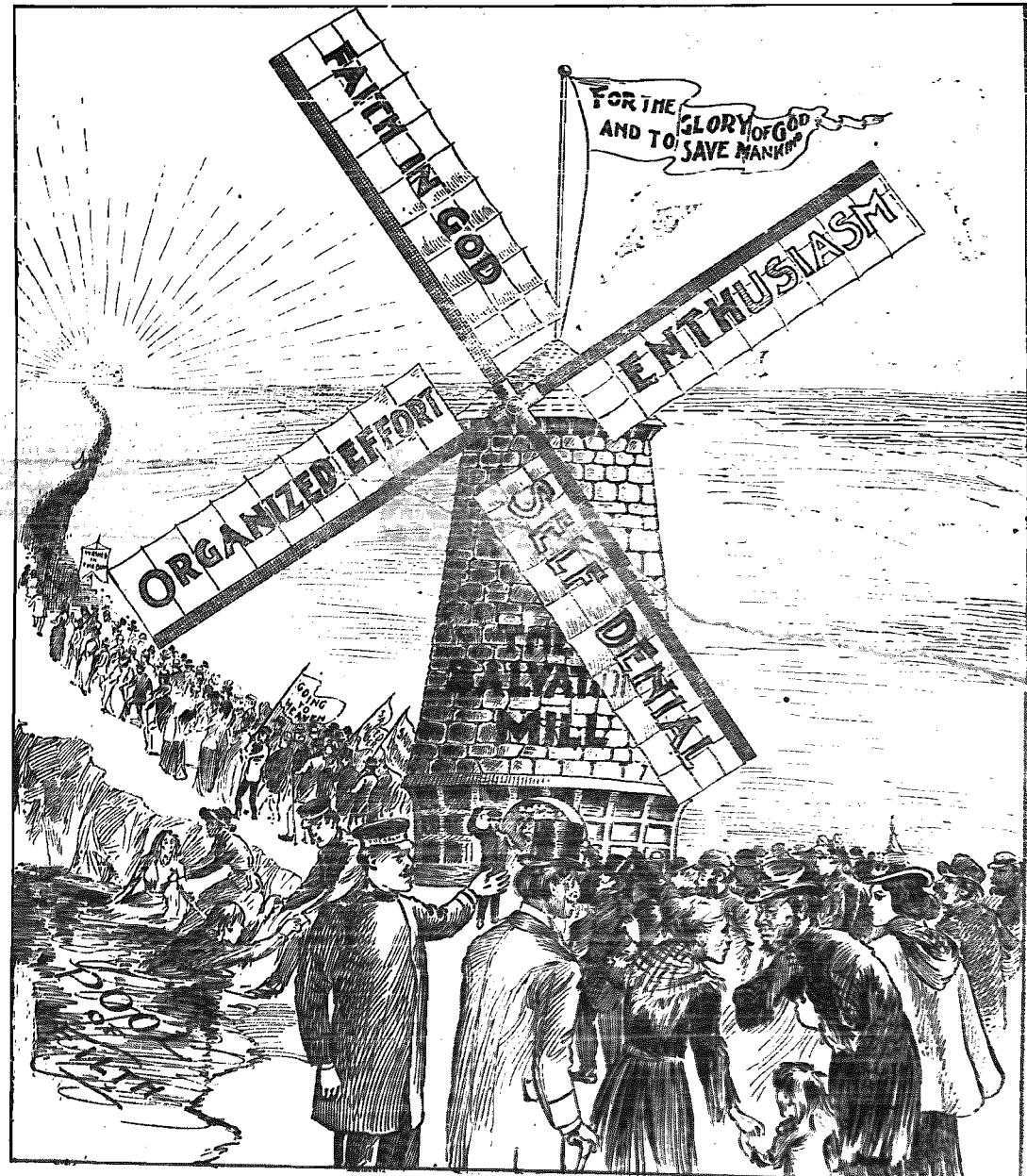
**SELF-DENIAL**

Manifests Salvation, and cords it  
to the dark corners of the earth.

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 10. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 7, 1895. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS



THE BEST TRANSFORMATION SCENE IN THE WORLD—AT THE SALVATION HALL.

Full particulars to be obtained on application to any Officer of the Salvation Army throughout the Territory.

# The Salvation Mill.

## TID-BITS FOR S.-D. TIME.

### ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD BACK FROM BRITAIN.

### HOLINESS.

About 25 or 30 years ago I came across an old Temperance Re-ligion Book (this was in England), and among other places was one in which it was written that millenialists were to be found in Books of Home meetings. Some time lately the verse occurred to me, and the thought flashed across my mind, why not use this as a motto? So I have done so, and I had to change the language of the several characters considerably. In the original the opening stanza commenced as following:

"Two silly old tapers once sat in an inn,  
Two meeting-rooms full of breath and din."

This will give you some little idea of the charges made.

Tune—"Vilkins and his Dinah."

TWO penitent sinners sat tired of sin.

Discussing how best a new life to begin;

Said the one to the other, "I'll tell you what Bill,

I've been hearing to-day of the SALVATION MILL."

"THERE'S a wheel in this mill that they call SELF-DENIAL,

They turn it a bit to give you a trial;

Old clothes are made new ones, and if you've been ill

You're very soon cured in the SAL-

VATION MILL."

BILL listened and wondered; at

sung he cried out,

"Why, Tom, if that's true what

you're telling about,

What fools we must be to be here

sitting still,

Let us go and examine the SALVA-

TION MILL."

THEY gazed with astonishment; there

came a man.

With a smile and disease, his visage

was wan;

He knelt at the form, gave his heart

with good will,

And went in for a turn in the SALVA-

TION MILL."

HE quickly came out the picture of

health;

And walked briskly on the highway to wealth;

And as onward he pressed he shouted

out still,

"Success to the wheel of the SALVA-

TION MILL!"

THE next that went in were a man

and his wife,

Who for many long years had been

living in strife;

He had beat and abused her, and

now he would kill,

But his heart took a turn in the SAL-

VATION MILL...

FOR when he came out, how altered

was he.

His conduct, now changed, how happy

was he!

Those who were contend, "No, you

aren't."

But they're blessing together the

SALVATION MILL.

THE next came a fellow as grim

as a Turk,

To curse and to swear seemed his

principal work;

He swore that that morning his skin

he would kill;

But drunk as he was he REELED IN-

TO THE MILL.

AND what he saw there I never could

tell;

But his conduct was changed, and his

language as well;

I saw when he went round the brow

of the hill,

He knelt and thanked God for the

SALVATION MILL.

THE vile were made clean, the weak

were made strong,

The penitent's sorrow was turned in-

to song;

These miracles puzzled both Thomas

and Bill,

At length they went in for a TURN

AT THE MILL.

A LITTLE time after I heard a great

shout;

I turned round to see what the noise

was about;

In a great Army march were Thomas

and Bill,

Both shouting, "HURRAH FOR THE

SALVATION MILL!"

T. K. FULLERTON,  
Baudeman, Calgary.

#### BY THE COMMANDANT.

It is the look at the Saviour's cross that redeems us. It is the patient shouldering of our own that assists in "working out" our salvation.

Sacrifice is the way to sanctify, and suffering is the most effective road to sufficiency.

Now think! It has not been the most pleasurable portions of your life which have added most greatly to your spiritual achievements. Your best gifts spiritually have been given at the altar, not at the throne; in exchange for griefs, sufferings, and crosses, not for joys and pleasure.

Would you be master of yourself in great things? Begin to practice self-denial in the little ones.

WHAT are you living for? There is a great question, in the answer to which you will find the best assurances as to how you will die. Have you given your life to God? Did you give last week to Him? What is the purpose of your labor; whose is the wealth you have amassed? It is not yours. Of that you may be certain. At the best you can hold lease of it, and the lease will last no longer than you last, and how long you will last you cannot say. What folly, then, to be living for self! Will you be Self-Denial Week present your life, your all?

STRANGE we should wait till we die before discovering that it was better to give than to get, for certain it is that just in that moment before death we shall realize that extreme anxiety will be known not much we have got but how much we have given. Give, therefore, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when those possessions which it is now in thy power to bestow, shall be no longer thine.

DON'T forget to say "Thank you" to the Almighty. We are everlastingly saying, "If you please, will you give?" Let us not forget to add, "I'm very much obliged!" Millions of mercies come to us. We sorrow approached us and we grieve vehemently. We win a thousand blessings and consider it natural; we lose one and consider it awful. Ninety-nine days we walk about hale and hearty, thinking nothing about it beyond the viands we eat; once in a hundred days we are stricken with a sick headache, or a diseased organ, and we imagine that the lines have fallen to us in unpleasant places. We are prone to think that we live by right, we forget that we exist by GRACE.

Moses, when called to be the mediator by which God's law should be made known to the children of Israel, was prepared to see God by a fast of forty days and nights. Elijah, he was heard the "still small voice" and the summons to the greater deeds of his life, had sharpened his spiritual conception by a forty days' fast. Daniel, feeling the time almost at hand for the restoration of Israel, set himself with prayer and fasting to hasten the deliverance yearned for. Job, when confronted by infidel alibi, proceeded a fast through Jhdah, and in his last extremity to seek the Lord and Hasmoneus, the other apostle, witnessed the appointing of elders, or those selected for special service in the churches by prayer and fasting. And even Jesus, under the weight of a ministry which was to proclaim hope to mankind, set Himself to see His Father's face, and through an experience unique in His history. So to you and to me comes this Self-Denial Week as if to embody the monstrous wants of the world, and call us to special prevailing with God and special self-sacrifice on His behalf.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury. Quarrel.



Been Treated Like a King—  
Tells a Glowing Story of  
the Army in England.

A Corps with 1500 Soldiers  
and Recruits—Big Doings.

"THE AIR OF ENGLAND is good and bracing," said Adjutant Archibald, when he called at the Rotarian Room, on his return from the Old Land, in reply to an remark I passed about the exceedingly robust appearance he presented physically.

The Adjutant and his wife, whose health has been considerably recruited, have had two months in England. They have been accorded the usual royal treatment which a Salvationist from a distance is sure to receive from the Army in Britain. The Adjutant is highly enthusiastic in his account of the Salvation Army in Britain, and thinks we can learn a few things from them with great advantage to ourselves. He spoke of that magnificent corps at Clapton Congress Hall which has 1,500 soldiers and recruits, and gets its seating capacity of 5,000 filled every evening.

"It was a sight, as we swept towards the Congress Hall, at the head of a great march, with a brass band of 32 pieces, conducted by Burgess (one of the boys who visited Canada with Bandmaster Appleby). By-the-way, Burgess has developed into a remarkable clarinetist, equal to the world-famed Appleby.

"Then soul-saving," continued the Adjutant, "they DO go in for that. Almost every person stays to the prayer meeting, and they literally pull the glory down. I have seen ten, twelve, fifteen, and twenty-four souls saved there at a time. Oh, it's GLO-RI-OUS!" The Adjutant's eyes glistened and his face beamed as he spoke.

I did my little in the Self-Denial and soul-saving line. Whenever I went to England it was discovered that I hailed from British Columbia, and I was immediately welcomed, the first and friendliest with the utmost cordiality. In the Staff Council, led by the Chief, I would always keep at the rear, but was called up near the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Howard, and others. I confess I felt embarrassed but they were so hearty and free with me I could not but feel easy, and when they prayed I forgot all else. Commissioner Howard," said the Adjutant, impressively, "is a man of God; the power fell upon us in waves as he took hold of God. There were seven foreign fields represented in that council."

Concluding, the Adjutant said: "They have got the people in London. Everything is done on a big style. The Army is full of life and enthusiasm, and a great mark has been made on the public. One proof of that is the way police arrangements, progress of all traffic at the business centre of busy London—the busiest place in the world—to make a way for the Army's procession to pass."

The Adjutant presented a very military appearance, wearing only montachons on his face, and dressed in the latest style cap and Canadian overcoat, as named by the Chief of the Staff. The overcoat is of a greyish hue, and has cuffs, shoulder straps, and a strap at the back in regular military style.

Thankfulness is the tune of angels.—Spenser.

I saw a little child along the road, And when its tiny feet with faltering tread,

Its parents flew to lift it, — so does God.

THREE PROFITS FROM ONE INVESTMENT.

"AND IF I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and I give my body to be buried, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

The law of Divine love should be the ruling power in our lives and moving, moving, overwhelming power of the love of God, reaching out His hands and arms of sympathy and love to Denial. PROFITABLE IN THREE WAYS: it glorifies God, helps our fellow-creatures, and means growth in spirituality. Power with God and taking up of cross, Paul was willing to count all things loss for Christ; that he might know Him and the power of His resurrection. Previous to rising in newness of life there must be a Gethsemane and Calvary in one's experience. To those who are willing to die to self and sin, self-denial becomes a joy, a pleasure, a delight. Divine love was manifested at Calvary and through the cross showed itself to the world. If we possess the Christ-Spirit we, too, shall yield up our lives in acts of self-denial for the sake of Christ.

"For whatsoever will save his life shall lose it, but whatsoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

A. ROWAN.

### SAVED THROUGH VISITING.

Brother Charles Perry, Ingerville, Cola  
Saved and is Taken Home.

In a very humble home, unoccupied by people of a respectable class, lay a young man, some weeks ago, upon whom the ravages of consumption might be plainly seen by the observer's eye. In his home none were Christians, none attended a place of religious worship, none had spoken or prayed with the family about their soul for many a day. But some six weeks ago our officers, in obeying the Divine command, Preach the Gospel to every creature, sought admittance to this home. Being kindly welcomed, they dealt with the family, and with the young man who was particularly, about their souls, telling the story of free grace and dying love, faithfully warning all to prepare to meet God. The young man did not realize how dangerous was his condition physically, or that he was even sealed for death, but he was convinced of his sin, and after a definite seeking of God

THE LIGHT BROKE IN, and from that hour our brother was truly "a new creature." All sinful habits were gone, and praise to his blessed Redeemer occupied the quickly failing strength. Asked by one of the officers (both of whom visited him frequently) shortly before his death if he desired to die, he replied, "Oh, no! I am ready." On April 1st, during the past week, the death angel came for him, and Brother Charles Perry is now among the glorified, praising God and those who lovingly led him to the Saviour.

As we gathered at the funeral, and looked around upon those who had gathered there, I was so glad that there are those who, like our Master, are "no respecter of persons;" for not our poor brother would have had very little chance of finding his way to Heaven. Surely the eternal salvation of this soul—if nothing more were accomplished—will repay well all the labor and sacrifice involved. Many hearts were melted as Captain and others poared forth the "wonderful words of life," and quite a number promised baptism that same grave in the "potter's field," to get saved at once. M. R., Reg. Cor.

The man who attempts to oppose the advance of God's kingdom is in the position of the yelping cur, that tries to frighten a locomotive by jumping against it. In the one case a soul is obliterated; in the other, crude sausage meat is disseminated over a considerable territory.

# The - General IN AUSTRALASIA.

LOOKING FOR THE FLAG.

THE RECEIPTION PARTY who kept watch at Hobart for the General's arrival consisted of Commissioner Coombs, Chief Secretary Kirby, Provincial Secretaries of Hobart and Devonport (the latter, the Tasmanian D. O.). Excepting during the time spent in prayer and Bible reading, the Commissioner kept someone trotting "to see if the flag was up." From the tops of the electric tramcars, from the government offices, or wherever else business carried them during the day, the same careful look-out was kept, but all in vain, until they felt like using the language of Brigadier Rothwell, who, after watching for some days on the last occasion of the General's visit, lost patience, and declared, "If the flag doesn't go up soon I'll go and put it up myself."

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"THE FLAG'S UP."

COMMISSIONER COOMBS was the first to see the signal flag announcing the sighting of the "Rimutaka," and he was soon on his way down Hobart's immense harbor to meet the steamer. He carried numerous letters and telegrams of welcome to the General from all parts of Australasia.

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HOBART'S SPONTANEOUS  
WELCOME.

AS THE GENERAL was only passing through Hobart on his way to New Zealand, it was Commissioner Coombs' intention to receive him privately and quietly, and give him a public reception on his return. The Tasmanians, however, wouldn't have it that way; they had also watched for the flag, and rolled up to the wharf in such numbers as to prove most eloquently what a hold the General has on the populace. One enthusiastic passenger, as the ship neared the wharf, evidently reading the thoughts of the waiting crowd, shouted,

"BOOTH'S ALL RIGHT!"

It was a clear moonlight night, and as soon as the Salvationists caught sight of the tall figure of their leader on the upper deck, they gave three ringing volleys, led off by Colonel Kilby.

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As soon as the preliminary interviewing ceased, the General was introduced to the Hon. Mr. Bird, who is a member of the local corps, and dressed in full uniform. Said he, behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dobson, invited the General to be their guest for the night.

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THE GENERAL stated that the first object of his visit to the colonies was "for the purpose of seeing my own people to see what has been done, to confer with them, to help and to inspire them to try and do even more than they have done in fighting with vice, misery and devilry. I have not come on a begging expedition for land or money, excepting such money as will advance the work in these colonies."

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WHEN Colonel Lawley caught sight of Colonel Kilby at Hobart, he broke into song, thus,—

I'm happy to meet you again,  
I'm happy to meet you again,  
I'm saved through and through,  
I hope you are too,  
I'm happy to meet you again.

Try this to the tune of "Let the dear Master in."



THE R.M.S. RIMUTAKA,  
from which the General sailed from Albany.

OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

After a good night's rest on shore the General was aboard soon after 7 p.m., en route to New Zealand. The Hon. Mr. Bird, Speaker of the House, and Mr. H. D. Dobson, leader of the Opposition, came down to see the General off.

It is expected that an arrangement will be made for the General to meet the Tasmanian Ministry on his return to Hobart. The Hon. P. O. Fysh sent the following letter to the Commissioner:-

Colonel of Tasmania, The Treasury,  
September 28, 1895.

To Commissioner Coombs.

Dear Sir.—On the arrival of the General I think the short hours he will have to spare are the property of his official office.

I shall do myself the honor of awaiting his arrival on the pier, and if in the interim I arrange for a ministerial interview, and the General finds it convenient and desirable, a half-hour may be profitably spent with ministers.

If in all instances the religious character of his mission does not arouse interest and sympathy, yet as a Christian philanthropist his work and his message must ever be with all, proclaiming of high importance as to find a response and welcome in all right-minded hearts. Yours truly,

(Signed) P. O. FYSH.

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Commissioner Polard, in reply to the question, "Have you any message for your old and new comrades?" said, "Yes, I send them my love ten thousand times. I am well saved, and thoroughly happy in the service of Jesus and the Salvation Army. I am a Salvationist through and through."

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**The Very Latest  
Re THE GENERAL.**

**The General in Wellington,  
NEW ZEALAND.**

**One Third of the Population  
Crowd the Wharf.**

**Tremendous Social Triumph, with the  
Premier Presiding.**

**122 Seekers at the Day with  
God.**

(By cable.)

The General's campaign opened in Wellington with an unprecedented welcome at the wharf upon the arrival of the "Rimutaka." The General was received with open arms, fully one-third of the entire population turning out to greet him, the Maoris being well represented. Major Luke, on behalf of the citizens of Wellington, received the Army's founder.

The welcome meeting on Tuesday evening in the Opera House was a magnificent one. Sir Robert Stout, the General's host, presided, and the enthusiasm was unparalleled.

The day with God on Wednesday, also in the Opera House, and the soldiers' council in the Jessie street barracks, on Thursday afternoon, were the occasions of wonderful salvation avananches, some 122 seekers coming forward.

Thursday night's Social meeting was a fitting climax to a superb series of meetings. It was a veritable triumph. The Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, presided, and was supported by the Colonial Treasurer, the Hon. J. W. M. Stewart, and Robert Stout, a large number of the members of both houses, and many leading citizens. The speeches delivered were remarkable in their sympathy



## AUSTRALIA AHÓY

with the Social scheme. The Opera House was packed to excess, hundreds being unable to gain admission. The crowd was more enthusiastic than ever.

The General's address was a superb effort, his graphic description of "the social miseries of the people and their remedies" carrying all before it.

The Colonial Treasurer proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Sir Robert Stout, and carried amidst a burst of wild enthusiasm.

The tide of full salvation is flowing freely.—Australia Ahoy.

## The General at Christchurch.

### MAGNIFICENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION!

### 131 SOULS FORWARD.

(By cable.)

The General is evidently entering upon a record-breaking campaign. He had a magnificent reception on Saturday. Immense enthusiasm was displayed, and the city profoundly stirred.

The Soldiers' Council was blessedly fruitful. Major Cooper presided at the welcome meetings in the Opera House.

Sunday's meetings were superb, the General speaking with wonderful liberty and power. The Holy Ghost moved visibly upon the people. Extraordinary crowds attended every meeting. The General was used mightily by God, conviction ever increasing as he vividly, and in graphic fashion, depicted the judgment before the great white throne.

The prayer meetings were marvelous times, the crowds being gripped as never before. Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Lawley handled the reins alternately. Colonel Lawley and Major Martin's songs and passionate pleadings produced wonderful effect. The flood-tide of salvation bore 131 souls into the harbor. Hundreds more are coming. Pray for the General.—Australia Ahoy.

SIX newspaper reporters got an interview from the General in his cabin as soon as he arrived at Hobart.

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**THE GENERAL** was unqualified in his praise of Australia's magnificent Self-Denial total—\$15,000 above '94.

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**THE GENERAL**, although weary with travel, said his health was as good as when he left England.

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DURING his African tour the General travelled 3,000 miles in 17 days, spent only five nights in bed, and held an average of two meetings daily.

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**THE GENERAL** denies the common statement that "newspaper men have no souls." He spoke friendly and feelingly to the reporters at Hobart about their eternal interests.



**The Hon. Cecil Rhodes,**  
Govenor of Cape Colony.

Just before leaving South Africa the General had a very interesting interview with the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Premier, who offered the General all the land he needs for the Over-Sea Colony in Malakalwind and Mashonaland.

## Up-to-Date Work in Toronto

## From Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

Drunk at the Drumhead, but Sober ever since.

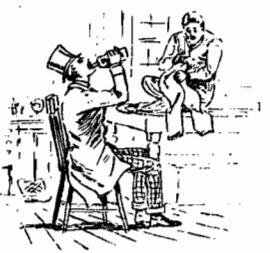
A Liegar Street Capture, and How He Fell.

Brother Bond, the subject of our sketch, was found working away at his trade, that of a tailor, on the afternoon I visited him. I had come for a few facts about his life, and told him so. He gladly let me have all I wanted, in the hope that it might be of use to the kingdom.

As is the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred, he wasn't brought up a drunkard by any means. His mother was a Methodist, and looked well after his early training. She died last March at the age of 98.

"HER LAST WORDS WERE FOR ME,"

said Brother Bond. He first began to drink heavy when he came to Canada. This was how it happened: He was working as a tailor in Bradford, Ont. One day a city doctor "husted" his pants, and called upon Mr. Bond to get them fixed. While this was



being done, he kept tugging away at a bottle of brandy. Of course he DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK HOGGISH, so he offered the tailor some. He yielded, and took three or four drinks. Tailor Bond was unaccustomed to this, and in a short time "couldn't see a hole through a ladder." This was his first fall, and, as he says, "I didn't care so much after that what I did."

He married a good girl, a member of the Methodist Church. She used to sing in the choir. While at Newmarket he first met the Army. He remembers well the excitement and the great gathering of souls. He used to go sometimes. He had made many an Army suit for the soldiers. But he soon kept away from God. He used to be known as the "Money Boy," and used to teach a Sunday school



close in the little Christian Church away across the water, but now he forgot, or at least wouldn't hearken, to the voice of God. Oh, the sad, mispent days of Brother Bond's life!

Before his wife died, on April 27th last, he promised her he would get better and

## MEND HIS WAYS.

He was sober, too, but soon after she died he got drunk again to drown his sorrow. His companion, Mr. McFarlane, more familiarly known as "Sandy," was just as bad as he was for the drink, and together they earned and spent their money. At last a change comes. One night they both came home drunk, and says Brother Bond to Sandy, "Let's go to the Army," and off they wobbled to the Liegar Street barracks, only to find

it closed. A little boy came to their assistance, and told them the Army was having an open-air meeting over on O'Hara Avenue. They were both staggering, but off they went. Without waiting for an invite, Brother Bond, closely followed by Sandy,



## "EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(By Netta.)

**A**S VIOLINS in foreign lands, Broke and shattered o'er and o'er,

When mended and in skillful hands Make sweetest music than before:

Given forth by sorrow torn Given forth a lovelier, clearer song Than that which greeted us at morn. When I was now, and brave, and strong,

"Oh, blows that smile! Oh, hurts that pierce. This shrinking heart of mine! What are you but the Master's tools, Forging a work Divine?"

"Perfect through suffering" — Heb. II. 10.

"With fond love, and sympathy, and confidence,"

So writes a Rescue Officer.

"We were delighted to visit the Montreal Rescue Home," writes one with enthusiasm. "It is a credit to the Salvation Army! The officers are real diamonds, and the work most genuine. Truly we could not help but weep for joy. The Ensign is doing good service, too, among those who have no one to care for them. SEERVANT-GIRLS—she is mothering and preventing them."

Here is a CONFESSION of self-surrender that ought to find an echo in the heart of many a woman whom God has called to help us: "I feel so strongly there is work for me to do among the poor lost ones. I have not thought about them much, because then I feel like starting at once. So I did not allow myself to dwell on the many girls who I know are slipping down to damnation—girls whom I might save. When I remember how I have been putting the thought of their rescue away, I feel so utterly unworthy of the love of Christ. Who drew me out of the mire and clay of a sin-cursed life. Oh, Mrs. Booth, if it is possible, LET ME GO!"

A dear lady sweetly writes: "I have much pleasure in adding you in your work of self-denial, of which I don't think YOU WORKERS ought to have any of the burdens laid upon you, and to help you in your portion I enclose this cheque."

From a touching letter—full of self-conquest and self-denial—from Mrs. Major Jewer the following is a fragment: "You will want to know how I am getting on. I sincerely know, I do know, God is keeping me, but apparently my life is darkened. This time last year not a shadow crossed my pathway. We had difficulties—many of them—but we shared each other's joys and sorrows, and so were able to go through with joy. But I must not brood over my grief. I am



it closed. A little boy came to their assistance, and told them the Army was having an open-air meeting over on O'Hara Avenue. They were both staggering, but off they went. Without waiting for an invite, Brother Bond, closely followed by Sandy,

## BROKE THROUGH THE RING

and fell at the drumhead. Said he, "I want to give my heart to the Lord. I want to get saved." The officers saw they were in earnest, lost no time in asking who and what they

striving TO LIVE ABOVE SELF: Striving so hard to be bright and cheerful for the sake of those around me. Our work is blessed and owned of God. He has given us good cases of conversion. Our barracks is full, and we are packed out on Sunday nights no less for all winter long. We were up all night with baby, and Jimmie had the cramps, too, but he is better, but I almost dread the thought of winter for baby. But I must be patient and murmur not."

In a tremendous handwriting comes the following letter from over the sea, purposed by AGED FATHER OF STAFF-CAPTAIN JONES, a venerable Christian of eighty-two years: "I am much shaken by our great loss," he commences, referring to his daughter, who was the idol, almost, of his heart, "but I am deeply affected by the devoted care and attention shown my darling. . . . With regard to the inscription, 'Faithful unto death,' I am so well satisfied with it that I would not add a letter. We know that among the many lies in the graveyard, this statement is the truth. My sorrow is indeed great, but not without hope. Our loss is her unspeakable gain." He concludes, plausively, "I am suffering greatly in the nervous system. My hands are terribly shaky."

Here is a remarkable letter from one of those rescued from unspeakable depths of sin through the Army's agency. She writes in an exultant strain thus:—"I am now a missionary AMONG THE INDIANS. I like my work very much, though it has disengaged me like every other work. I often wish you were here. (Oh, dear, the girls' tongues are going at such a rate!) I have charge of the laundry and all one side of the building. We have about forty-two boys and thirty-six girls. . . . My past experience has made me sympathetic with others. I often think of how you understood me. I am so thankful God has used me to win souls to the Sav-

"I believe," says MRS. BRIGADIER SCOTT, "the dear old ship will go on sailing faster than ever, and that this Self-Denial Week will bring everything else. . . . Our little ones are getting on nicely. Gertrude is quite a little girl now, full of life and go. I believe she will make a proper Salvation Army girl. God spared her to us. Baby has not been very well, but is doing nicely now. . . . We are praying much that God will give us wisdom and patience to bring them up to be true warriors of the Living Lamb. I crave more strength to help in this glorious war are. God is giving us victory. Hallelujah!"



were, but pointed them to Jesus. Ere long they both sobered up sufficiently to be able to give definite testimonies to the saving power of God. This happened on a Saturday night a month or so ago, and thank God they stand to-day.

Two lessons bear themselves home to our hearts through the above incident. One, God still saves the drunks; and two, don't neglect the open-air.—Ensign Attwell.

[Our Short Story Series]

## SELF-EXILED!

## A RESCUE INCIDENT.

Self-Denial helps Keep Open a Refuge for Girls like those in this Story.

A FIERCE STORM was raging in the heart of Nellie Routte, as she stepped over the threshold of her father's home, literally turned out into the world, into the bitter, wintry blast, with her tiny infant in her arms, not yet two weeks old. She knew she deserved it all. Had she not brought disgrace and shame upon them? Had not the family pride been wounded in its tenderest spot by her sin? Even her mother's cold, scornful glance and cutting words had let her merit, and yet, as the sister bore her over mile after mile of the country road, and the familiar surroundings faded from sight, she felt she still had something to live for. She could have to be banished from home, but not to part with her darling babe. She had indignantly refused to give him up when that had been offered as an alternative.

The soft white snowflakes fell upon the baby's upturned face as she looked to see if it was still sleeping. A look at the sweet, innocent face seemed to ease the cruel, stinging pain at her heart, and a fierce determination to do it herself and sacrifice all for his sake took possession of her. She might return for her sin in this way; for forgiveness she hardly dare hope. After reaching the great city and staying for some months in one of the charitable institutions, she

## ARMY RESCUE HOME.

and cruse seeking admission with her child. The hot summer weather had set in, and the darling began to drop as a faded lily day by day, as she watched beside the cradle. She saw the dark eyes were growing more heavy, the tiny hands more weak, the fluttering breath grew weaker and more labored. Then the cry burst from her poor wounded heart, "Oh, if mother would only come!" She had tried to be brave so long. Now, if only some one would help her. The long days and nights passed by. No mother came. The Rescue Officers had shared her vigil at the baby's cot, and gradually the sweet words of hope and comfort that had so often been spoken to her fell into a broken and a contrite heart, and the Saviour of sinners blotted out the black past and filled her soul with Divine love and consolation. She went out bravely and confessed her sins in the Army barracks, and came home to take her place by the baby's side, with his love and protection beaming on her countenance. She has more than made up to her all the loss of human love, and she finds in her own experience that "He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

A. D. C.

## GENUINELY AUSTRALIAN.

In the light of present-day events, the following extract from one of "Crab-hole Jimmy's" famous situations is worth re-publishing—

Colonel Lawley gen'ally trots round with the General. He wants to come to Australia, an' says he'd like to do a meetin' at Cow Flat. He'd knock 'em all right. He prays in an awful tear, jest like a dog worrying sheep, and when he's on the pitch giving his experience he works it off crying fashion, as if his mother had died. He has a round, jolly face, like a town hall clock, an' except when he's piling in the heavy stuff, he's always laughing and singing, and jest a devilish lot. He's just the kind that'll turn down at the flat. I told him he could have a shank-down in my humpy if he ever come—him an' his mates an' the young uns—an' Australian Cry.

LORD BRASSEY, the new Governor of Victoria, Australia, is also in entire agreement with the spiritual methods which the Salvation Army employs to reach a class which is outside the pale of all Christian influence.

## THE COMMODORE MARRIES.

A Popular Man Married by Major Morris at Kingston.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM GETS A NEW NAME.

A crowded barracks witnessed the wedding of Adjutant McGillivray and Captain Graham.

The wedding ceremony was conducted by Major Morris, who opened the meeting with song, "All the atoms will soon be cover'd." After prayer, Mrs. Morris read a few verses from the Bible, giving some good counsel to young and old. Major Morris said he always got blessed at weddings, "especially at his own," and then read the Army articles of marriage, and called those who wished to be married in accordance with them to stand forth. Bravely and fearlessly arose the contracting parties, and in a short time they were made man and wife. Captain Graham, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid, and the groom was ably supported by Captain Bird. Ensign Ritchie read a number of telegrams of congratulation. A number of officers stood among whom were Capt. Deepie, Capt. Graham, Ensign Ritchie, and Captain Bird, the latter saying he had been with the Adjutant and stood by him when the storms were racing around them on the "William Booth," but now he handed him over to the tender mercies of his newly-made wife. Everything went off beautifully. A good number sat down to the wedding supper afterwards. The newly-married couple left next morning for St. John, N.B., when a good crowd of people came to wish him good-bye.

CONSETT.

## WEDDED AT LEAMINGTON.

CAPT. RUTLEDGE AND LIEUT. McCANN.

"He would not dare to journey Thro' this wide, wide world alone."



CAPTAIN AND MRS RUTLEDGE.

At last the eventful day dawned. The Baptist church, which was kindly lent for the occasion, was well filled and the platform seated with a happy lot of Salvationists, when the bridal party entered, amid the firing of volleys and clapping of hands. Then the problem was solved why Captain Rutledge had been looking so happy for some days previous. After singing and prayer Ensign Myles led a short testimony meeting, in which a number of officers took part, Mrs. Myles and Captain Mississic soloing. Adjutant Goss rendered a solo, and gave some good "fatherly advice." Brigadier Margott next read the articles of marriage, and the bridal party stepped forward, Captain Lo Drew, of Toronto, acting as bridesmaid, and Captain McDonald, of Chatham, as groomsman. The "I wills" were said loud and distinct, and Brigadier pronounced Captain Rutledge and Lieutenant McCann to be "man and wife." The groom was asked to sing a solo, and the words of the old song, "I would not dare to journey through this wide world alone," brought the house down, especially when the Brigadier said, "No, my boy, you have



Adjutant and Mrs. McGillivray.

journed long enough alone." I noticed one or two parties who seemed deeply interested in the ceremony, and I should not wonder but some points were taken which will prove valuable in the near future. The many Army friends of Leamington wish the bride and groom every happiness, and the writer prays that the two may be enabled to "put ten thousand miles behind them."

"JEDIDIAL."

## Salvation Newslets.

A program carried out by the Army corps in Tampa, Fla., consisted of singing 100 songs without a break.

Captain Cordill, who has charge of the Social work at Waterbury, Conn., is planning for a busy time in the wood yard this winter.

In a scuffle with some toughs, Captain Wood, of Jersey City, had both hands badly bitten. No signs of hydrophobia have yet made appearance.

The W. C. T. U. of Philadelphia have adopted resolutions of indignation in connection with the recent arrests of Salvationists in the Quaker City.

A Cincinnati German paper recently gave nine columns to a sketch of the work of the Army. It also contained a portrait of Mrs. Staff-Captain Bovill.

In announcing Joe the Turk's trip, the word "proposed" is now judiciously used in connection with the dates and towns. Joe is frequently delayed.

A young Isrealite is surprising his friends in Jacksonville, Fla., by sticking to good resolutions made in joining the Army, that he was never able to stick to before.

At Havre de Grace, Md., a man recently fell dead at the open-air stand, just a short time after Adjutant Hunter had been talking to the crowd on the street corner about the uncertainty of life.

The Italian corps in Western Hoboken is doing extraordinarily well. The crowds are all that could be wished and the open-air meetings are good. Captain Natlao speaks as though he

was sure a work for God amongst these people was going to be done. They start with 150 Italian War Crys weekly.

Our Headquarters' officers in France all dined themselves of meat and tea during Self-Denial Week, in addition to their personal donations to the fund.

It has been decided for our work in Belgium and Holland to be united under Colonel Oliphant. Major Paisley has been appointed to the oversight of Belgian affairs, with his headquarters at Brussels.

Ninety more cadets have been commissioned for the British field.

Quite a number of bausmen are among the present applicants for officership in Britain.

France and Switzerland's Self-Denial total is thirty per cent. advance on last year.

There are now almost 6,000 auxiliaries and nearly 2,000 officers in the United States.

Among the recent applicants for officership have been some who have held back for years, but were brought up to decision on Candidates' Sunday.

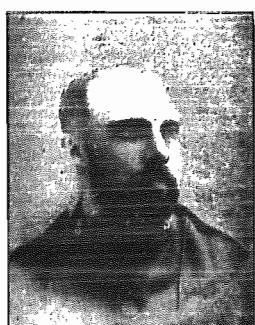
Further news is to hand from Commissioner Coombs, saying that the Australasian Self-Denial has now reached over \$70,000. This is \$15,000 ahead of last year.

A young man has just been converted in Paris who speaks five languages, including Spanish. He wishes to become an officer, and it is proposed he should be accepted for Spain.

A special number of 100,000 copies of "The En Avant" is being issued in France for disposal by means of the "Petroleuse," a machine which is driven by petroleum power.

The purchase of a hotel has been decided upon in Reykjavik, Iceland, to serve as Headquarters and barracks. It will seat three hundred people and will form the Iceland I corps.

The gold and silver that you have is really the Lord's. He has only entrusted you with the same. The great point is, are you putting it out wisely so that when He calls you to render in an account you will be able to do it with joy?—Major Sharp.



Two Young Men who went West.

They used to be familiar figures in the East, but that's past and gone. The one on the left is Major Friedrich, in charge of the Western Province. The one on the right is the P.S. of the Pacific Province, Major Friedlich.

The query is, "Which of the two will come out first in the S.D. Battle?"

## FROM OUR D. O'S.

Bob Smith's Latest.

One night when the cadet was playing his concert, a poor fellow came up to the quartette. The Army music touched his heart, for he had once been a soldier in one of the corps in Liverpool, England. Thank God, he got saved. We have seen three or four come and get their hearts cleansed from all sin, and two backsiders have returned to God. We are going to do our best for Self-Denial. Our target is \$50. Major Bennett and Ensign Gale will be with us for next Wednesday. A hallelujah wedding is on the boards.—Ensign Bob Smith.

## Gale's at Grand Forks, N. D.

"I'VE MADE UP MY MIND" comrades, not to have the tactics of a rusty jack-knife any more, but I will always, by God's help, be ready to tell the people what God has done for me." A grand lot of testimonies followed this one.

Self-Denial plans laid. United action will win.

"ALTHOUGH I cannot make self-denial of myself come out first, I am going to do all I can that our district can do for white." (Good for you, trustee.)

ANOTHER SOLDIER, after reading War Cry report, came early next morning asking to do something to help.

"Yes, here is your card," etc. Looks at it.

"I see, I put my own in this little envelope, and mark down all I collect on the card."

"That is the idea. I'll expect \$25 from you."

"CAN ANYONE help you, Ensign, who are not soldiers?"

"Yes, sure thing. I have eight districts, and will be pleased for you to help."

"Which district shall we do? We will not see you beaten by any D. O. if we know it."

"That is right. I took all that into consideration before I stated the facts of the world."

"How do you think your outside corps will do?"

"Real well. I am sure every officer will go far away from everything yet done."

"I see one of the Eastern districts are going in for \$1,000!"

"Yes, I see it."

"How will you manage, yours is only \$900?"

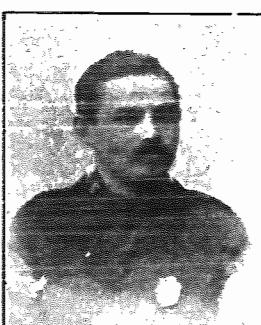
"I can only say, 'go up.' A few dollars is not very much for us in North Dakota."

"Do you not feel you will have to play second fiddle?"

"No, I am as firm as ever, and will not flinch. I have every confidence in my comrades thro' the whole district, and just now all are working real hard, sure of victory."

Again, my dear comrades, I pray for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God that will help us to go down upon our knees and talk to God, claim by faith all that He has for us, to make us son-winners and S.-D. winners.

JOHN S. GALE, D.O.



WINDSOR, N. S.—Had a glorious Sunday yesterday. Six souls at eight came to the Great Physician for healing. Some people have hinted that Windsor folks are very quiet, and a bit stiff. If only they could have seen Father Kilpatrick dancing, and the soldiers singing for joy, and the converts singing with all their hearts they would surely have changed their minds. Hallelujah! Our little is on the rise for Self-Denial. Through Christ we feel we can do all things even hit our target.

E. GALT, Ensign.

If after you've spent fifteen minutes in a stranger's company, he asks if you are a Christian, you'd be apologetic to God and put a new religion in your conversational phone graph.

It will take something more than communion going, baptism performing, amen bowing, cartridge string or uniform wearing to get a man to Heaven. It will take a living faith and a life that is hidden with Christ in God.—Pacific Coast Cry.

# Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Self-Denier,



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

**THE SALVATION ARMY**  
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and  
anification of the saved, together with the progress  
and operations of the Army.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvo-  
n Army Headquarters, Toronto.

**SELF-DENIAL.**

BY THE TIME this Cry reaches our readers, self-Denial Week will be about completed.

For all those who have shouldered the cross of Jesus in this matter we pray God's blessing.

God's saints will be saintlier, His soldiers more Divinely soldier-like, the wheels of the Salvation chariot will revolve faster, and the cold, cold-of-God world will have had one more "burning bush" blazing full in its gaze through this glorious S.D. undertaking.

This victory will crown our banners is certain, our Lord Jesus will see to that as He has done in the past; indeed, the unity of faith He has created within our borders makes doubtless impossible.

The General, too, in the southern hemisphere, and his son, our Commissioner here, will have another great, palpable and practical evidence that this wing of the vast Salvation Army is in common with the other Territories, a living embodiment of those great principles, the practice of which has made the Salvation Army what it is to-day.

**VICTORY!**

The attempt of Messrs. Albert Britnell, Frank Sexton, Hazel, of Toronto, and Mackenzie, evangelist of the Christian Workers Mission, Hamilton, to storm the Hamilton city gates to obtain S.D. there, has come to the ignominious end it deserved.

Brigadier Jacobs, Major Collier, Staff-Captain Sweeton, and Mr. Blakely, our auditor, went down armed with plenty of evidence and swept the decks of the opposition. The "Hamilton Spectator," in its editorial columns, used the just and honest comment: "It was clearly proven last evening before the City Finance Committee that the charges brought against the Salvation Army by its enemies in order to prevent the granting of municipal aid to its philanthropic schemes were baseless and malicious." Further comment is useless. Our work is to save the bodies and souls of men, and we do not desire to spend time and strength in defending ourselves, but when defence becomes necessary we cannot but rejoice that the Army comes out so thoroughly vindicated in the eyes of all. In conclusion we can only say we are doing a great work for God. The Army is God-sent, has the broad seal of Heaven on its world-wide operations, and the all but universal benediction of humanity. We are not infallible, but all that we can do for God and the men made in His image we are doing, and while there is a drunkard in the gutter, a fallen sister straying, or an arm raised in rebellion against the God we love, here will we go to help and save.

**VICTORY, AGAIN!**

We congratulate Colonel Nicoll and the War Cry staff on their tremendous victory gained in the British law courts. A paper so divinely pointed and pungent as the British Cry is certain to make the devil's side howl. This is as it should be, and we congratulate our comrades. More power to them. The sword of the Lord and

the Salvation Army is still sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies; and not the least so when it flashes in the pages of the War Cry. The proprietor of the Winter Garden has had daylight let into his abominable business. Let us hope he will clean his hands, and that others like him who make the way to hell gibb may be warned in time.

**THE LATEST!****THE \$10,000 CHATHAM LIBEL ACTION.****PLAINTIFF RUNS FROM THE FIGHT!****Triumphant Vindication of "The War Cry."**

The libel action of the proprietor of the Winter Garden at Chatham, England, against the British War Cry, has ended by the plaintiff running from the fight and leaving the War Cry in full possession of the field.

**MONSTER TRIUMPH!****CANDIDATES' BOOM IN BRITAIN.****A One-Day Total.**

The recent one-day effort for 1,000 new candidates' huge success, 1,200 volunteers having been enrolled.

The General has held an important meeting with the New Zealand Cabinet.

**Grand Forks, N.D., District.****More Advances!**

DEVIL'S LAKE CITY taken for Jesus. Grand opening, attention good, outside and inside. "Blind Pig" converted into a Salvation Army hall. Splendid crowds of real good Army stuff. Heard a gentleman say, "You never saw many of them inside a church door." Collections good. When asked to show his hands, they hung their hands. If they were glad we had come, and if they would help us or no, you would have smiled, Mr. Editor, to see the sights and hear the shouts of "Yea!" Hallelujah to Jesus! The police showed great kindness. The press also promised to do anything to help, and stated that the Salvation Army has accomplished a vast amount of good in this country in the past few years, and trust they will receive kind treatment in this city. Mr. Maher kindly gave us the hall free of rent for two weeks for our work's sake. I am sure Captain and Mrs. Westcott will see great victory in this place, and many will rejoice in sins forgiven and many blood-and-fire soldiers made. — J. S. Gale, D.O.

HARMONIC HURRICANEERS BAND at Tresanton. Marvelous times, crowded buildings, ten souls and fifty dollars offering. The record beaten.

THE 20,000-acre gift of land to the General, which is to be used for the Army's Social Branch in South Africa, is said to have a beautiful climate, good water, wonderful soil, plenty of wood, and is situated 80 miles from Delagoa Bay.

**The Hamilton Grant Won!****THE ARMY VINDICATED.**

Mr. Mackenzie of the Christian Workers, and Messrs. Britnell and Frank Sexton met and answered on their own ground.

**Grave and Serious Charges Utterly Annihilated!****BRIGADIER JACOBS CHAMPIONS THE ARMY'S CAUSE BEFORE THE HAMILTON FINANCE COMMITTEE**

There is a clique of individuals, mostly ex-Salvationists, in Toronto and the neighborhood, who are enemies to the Salvation Army, and who are seldom behindhand when they imagine a block can be put in the way of the Army's progress.

"New Facts," a scurrilous leaflet, full of misleading statements about the Army, is published with the name of Mr. Britnell, one of these, and upon it. Individuals attending the Army's anniversary in Toronto last June twelvemonth, and the General's meetings later, may remember seeing these leaflets distributed at the entrance to some of the meeting places.

We are not afraid, having long ago proved the truth of that promise, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper," and prefer generally to waste no time on defending ourselves, but to go right on with the good work God has called us to do, but the latest attack was made under such circumstances that it was necessary to clear our organization of the foul aspersions cast upon it. This was accordingly done before the Hamilton Finance Committee, the enemies of God's Army being utterly discomfited and the Salvation Army triumphantly vindicated.

In order to be able to make a fairly clear presentation of the case to "Cry" readers, we invited the officer of the INDEFATIGUABLE GENERAL SECRETARY.

He was willing to talk, and soon gave us the gist of the matter.

"How did that thing come about, Brigadier?"

"This way. We propose erecting a new barracks and Shelter at Hamilton, and made application to the City Finance Committee for a grant. The Committee viewed the application favorably at first, and recommended that a grant of \$200 be made. When their recommendation came up for discussion, however, an opposition quartette, consisting of Bookseller Albert Britnell, Mr. W. Frank Sexton, A. G. Hale, and a Mr. Mackenzie, evangelist at the Christian Workers' Mission, Hamilton, appeared to oppose the grant. They made a lot of charges, of which the following are a sample:

"Money was begged for the social work and misappropriated;

"Self-Denial Fund money had been used for buying printing presses;

"The S. A. turns men away from its Shelter if they are a cent short of the price of a bed;

"The Army runs a sweat tailor's and printing shop in Toronto;

"The Workmen's Home, Men's Shelter, and Prince Gate Brigade Home are all under one roof;

"The Army property is mortgaged to the highest pitch;

"All property is held in the Commissioner's name, in such a way that

he can sell the property and pocket the money;

"That we collect stale meat and bread for consumption by the Shelter inmates, etc., etc., etc.

"At the time these charges were made, Ensign McLean, Treasurer Pro-  
vost, and Secretary Landers, our local  
representatives, who nobly did  
their part in the fight in the news-  
papers, were unprepared to answer  
them. The only one open  
for Hamilton, so a fortnight's adjourn-  
ment was secured, during which time  
we prepared our defense and were  
quite ready when the occasion offered.

**THE FINANCE COMMITTEE**

sat on Friday, Nov. 22. The T. H. & R. Railway occupied the Committee's attention till 11 p.m., then came the Army's turn. Mayor Stewart said the Army should be allowed an hour and three-quarters, the same as the other side had had, as he wanted fair play. Then I opened the case. I affirmed that the charges were of a very serious and grave nature, that they not only affected the Army in the neighborhood, but throughout our Territory, to a certain extent. We had come fully prepared to answer every charge, but must make it a condition that the other side manufactured no new ones as the meeting went on. To this the Committee willingly agreed.

It will take up too much of your space, I know, to detail everything, but here are some of the explanations given:

"Respecting misappropriation of funds, our auditor, Mr. Blakely, fully explained the Army system of cash, showing how every cent has to pass through the books, and how impossible it is, with the Army's system of receipts and vouchers, for any money to be diverted from the purpose for which it was donated. He also produced our balance sheets for the past three years, proving to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind that our cash matters are kept in as good form as those of any business firm in the world.

"The charge of purchasing printing presses was

**SELF-DENIAL MONEY**

was refuted by documentary evidence proving that the printing presses were paid for out of the general funds.

"As to the property being mortgaged to the top notch, Mr. Blakely showed that quite the contrary is the case, proving conclusively that while the property had increased in value, the mortgage debt had gone down very considerably.

"Respecting the

**PROPERTY BEING HELD BY THE COMMANDANT**

so that it could be used for personal ends, it was clearly shown that the

# ies "FOLLOW ME!" ARE YOU now following Him? His Army in Self-Denia?

property is held by the Commandant, or whoever may be the Commissioner for the time being, only as a trustee, that while he can sell the property, he can only do so in the interests of the Army, and he cannot touch the money for any personal purposes without being liable to prosecution for misappropriation of funds; that the declaration of trust signed by every chief officer before coming into the country is an binding that no individual or personal property is declared to be the property of the Army until he can conclusively show that he purchased it with money belonging to himself as an individual, and not as an officer. The letter from Messrs. Hoskin, Oden, and Hoskin, solicitors, Toronto, conclusively settled this matter.

"That the Printing House was

NOT A SWEAT SHOP was proved by the following letter from the Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91:

Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91.  
Office of the Corresponding Sec'y.  
Toronto, 16th Nov., 1895.

We hereby certify that the Salvation Army Printing House in Toronto is conducted under strictly union rules, those employed in the composing room being all members of the Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91, in good standing; and furthermore, that there has never been any trouble between the Salvation Army Printing House and this Union.

W.M. J. WILSON, President.  
T. H. FITZPATRICK, Cor. Sec.  
T. T. U. No. 91.

"The 'sweat tailor shop' was just as clearly disproven.

"The statement made by Mr. MacKenzie, that the Shelter, the P. G. B. Home, and the Refuge were all under one roof, I also denied. The Refuge was for women, and men were never housed under the same roof. The P. G. Home and the Shelter were combined under one roof after the civil grant was cut off. As to men being turned away from the Shelter, because they had only six cents, Major Collier denied this. Our Army officials, however, knew that people with six cents were sent round as spies, and they give that sort no satisfaction, but genuine cases were never refused, although they were expected to earn the price of their lodgings next morning.

"It was 12.30 when we finished. There was a pause; then up rose Mr. MacKenzie (who, it may interest our readers to know, is a brother of ex-Colonel MacKenzie), with a pile of statistics and some questions he wished to ask me. The first question was on a new committee, which, of course, refused to answer. In this the Committee supported me. The officials he produced to support the charges that we refused men at the Shelter unless they had the necessary seven cents, and that the Army paid starvation wages, or no wages at all, lost their weight entirely when I explained that two of them were from people who had discharged for very good reasons. I explained one, and there was increasing bitterness in the faces of the opposition when I told the little incident of our wood-yard hand being made intoxicating by someone in order to get information from him that could be twisted against the Army.

"Mr. Britnell denied that he had made the man drunk. I did not affirm that he had done so, but it appeared as if some had done so, as our poor fellow said this word to Major Collier, 'they made me drink to try and get out of me all they could.' He repeated some charges, and practically abandoned others, but the best efforts of the opposition had very little weight. We had so cleared up every one of the charges laid against us that they must have felt queer, at

least they looked so, and when Alderman Watkins moved that a grant of two hundred dollars be made the Army Shelter it did not take the members long to make up their minds. I tell you, it was a sweeping victory."

—ADDENDA.

The following important letters were amongst the evidence for our defense:-

Chief Constable's Office,  
Toronto, Nov. 22, 1895.

H. H. Booth, Esq., Commandant, Salvation Army, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Re Salvation Army work in Toronto.  
Sir,—In order to enable me to reply to your letter of the 13th inst., respecting the work done by the Salvation Army in Toronto through their several agencies, I asked Staff-Inspector Archibald to obtain information relating thereto which could be verified from police sources and records, and I am now in possession of his report.

It would appear that the Police Department have received practical assistance from the Salvation Army in the disposition of many destitute persons, and the Army Shelter has never refused to take charge of homeless men, women or children when requested to do so by the police. It is also within the knowledge of the Department that the work of rescue or reclamation by the Salvation Army has been successful in a number of instances, and I think they are entitled to much credit for the efforts made in Toronto to suppress vice and induce people to live respectable lives.

As to the Workmen's Lodging House, I understand you will be clearly shown that large numbers of men were provided with food and shelter at a very low cost during the winter, and that in a number of instances work was found for those disposed to take it.

I have always found the Salvation Army and their officials ready to conform to the police regulations in the streets, and I regard the organization as one that is undoubtedly doing good in the community, at least so far as Toronto is concerned.

Your obedient servant,  
(Signed) H. J. GRASSETT,  
Chief Constable.

City Treasurer's Office,  
Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895.

Major Collier, Salvation Army, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Having this morning visited and inspected the Salvation Army Lifeboat Station, at the corner of Wellington Avenue and Victoria Street, Alderman Shaw, chairman of the Executive Committee, and I desire to express to you the pleasure we had in observing the clean and tidy appearance of the premises, and the signs of all kinds of careful and efficient supervision. The condition of the institution reflects great credit upon those who have the control of it. We were quite satisfied that all those who need to be lodged there must be well served by the accommodation provided. Yours very truly,

JOHN SHAW,  
Chairman Executive Committee.

DANIEL LAMB,  
Chairman Committee on Works.

Toronto Brotherhood of Printing Press Assistants and Feeders, No. 1.  
Toronto, Nov. 15, 1895.

To all whom it may concern:-

This is to certify that the War Cry Printing Establishment is a Union of One, and is recognized as such by the above Union.

JAMES HUTCHINSON,  
Secretary of No. 1 P. P. A. F., 222  
Adelaide Street West, City.

To Ensign Archibald,  
Officer in charge of the Hamilton Prison Gate Home.

My Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request for my opinion regarding the work accomplished for the year ending 1891 through the Prison Gate Home, I am happy to state my pleasure and surprise over the large percentage of satisfactory cases. Only two of the entire number of men passing from the goal to the Home have returned to "us."

Many of the men who have gone to the Home have come under the head of those usually termed "hopeless cases." This fact adds emphasis to the good accomplished.

Wishing you every success,  
JAMES OGILVIE,  
Governor of the Jail at Hamilton.

## FRANK SEXTON'S CONFESSION!

The following is a copy of a confession from Mr. Sexton, which appeared in the Canadian War Cry for 1892, addressed through Commissioner Coombs to the Army:-

Toronto, August 15, 1889.

My Dear Comrades:

I feel it due to you and to the Commissioner before I leave, that I should send a few lines to the War Cry in reference to the recent troubles with a few ex-officers in which I was mixed up. I am deeply sorry that I ever took any part whatever in the matter, and was so foolish as to believe the stories told me without investigating for myself. I never had any animosity against the Commissioner, for he has always proved my best friend, and I am very sorry for any harm I have done the Army, which I loved so, and to which I owe, under God, my salvation. I sincerely trust all my comrades will forgive all the past, as I believe the Commissioner has done, and ask your prayers for the future I may be kept, and that others may profit by my experience. I am your repentant comrade,

W. F. SEXTON, Jr.

P.S.—I am writing to the General apologizing for what I said about him, and asking his forgiveness.

F. S.

## Picked Up Round H.Q.

SELF-DENIAL in the morning, Self-Denial at the noon-hour knee-drill, and Self-Denial at night. Hurrah for S.D.!

LAST SUNDAY'S SPECIALS: Colonel Holland and Staff Band at Old No. 1; Major Compton at Liggar street; Major Collier and staff at the Temple, and Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips at Riverside.

MAJOR STREETON is suffering from a nasty wound on his leg, caused by a fall from his bicycle.

EVERY MEMBER OF H.Q.'s Staff has a target for Self-Denial. We have all caught the fever. We would our D. O.'s say if we championed the whole Territory?

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HAR-GREAVES, and their two children, have arrived here from England. They are on a visit to their relatives in Ontario.

CONGRATULATIONS, Ensign Holman, Captain Lowrie and Lieut. Freeman. Hurrah for the Social!

MAJOR COMPLIN led a successful musical meeting at the Temple on Thanksgiving night. Staff-Captain Smeeton, Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips helped Kirkville along.

THE STAFF BAND will serenade several of the prominent Army friends in the city in the interests of S.D.

NEW OPENINGS! The latest are Devil's Lake and Walupeton, North Dakota; Dillon, Montana; Moscow, Idaho; Clareville, N.B.; and Sydney Mines and Glace Bay, Cape Breton. Roll on, Army chariot!

OUR SOCIAL AD. for farm implements brought a gentleman along the other day, who kindly handed over to us a disc harrow. This does not prohibit other like-minded friends from sending along their gift.

## MORE

# S. D. Challenges

The following challenges have come into our office this week:-

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.  
Captain Newell challenges all bad and base Captains from Halifax to London, Ont.

WOODSTOCK, N.B.

We, the undersigned, challenge any other married officers in the Eastern Province to collect more money for the S.D. Fund, according to the amount of their corps target.

(Signed) J. K. MILLER.  
J. M. MILLER, C.O.s.

WINDSOR, N.S.

We have a population of about 3000. My secretary, Sister Blanche Faulkner, wants to challenge any other base Captains in the East, living in a place not exceeding 6000, only making one stipulation, that the said secretary does not collect on the main street, as she (Sister Faulkner) will not have the privilege of so doing.

ENGINETH GALT.

Look Out, Ensign Gale!

36 St. Andrew St., St. John, N.B.  
I have decided to accept Brother Engineth Gale's challenge. I believe St. John, N.B., District will give him a rousing close run! Praying, believing and working for victory!

J. McGILLIVRAY, Adj't.

## Folks we Know.

Major Marshall recently did a full week's meetings at Seattle, No. 1.

Mrs. Brigadier Brewer, who has been quite ill for several months, will soon be able to take her place at the front of the fight once more.

Brigadier Hols has just made a trip through the Eastern New York District with Staff-Captain McFarlane. They report the corps visited in a flourishing condition.

Commissioner Ouchterlony intends issuing a territorial magazine for Norway.

The Pore Suttum (Tamil War Cry), India, has been restarted under the guidance of Ensign Arlaudam.

## Re THE BRITISH LIBEL CASE.

"The decision of the Master of the Law Court completely vindicated the War Cry, inasmuch as an order was made (1) that the record should be withdrawn; (2) that the plaintiff withdraw his statement of complaint; (3) that he submit to an order that no further action be brought in respect of the same case; and (4) that the plaintiff pay party and party costs."

# The Devil IN THE PRINTERS' INK!

THE ENGLISH CRY, in taking up the subject of bad books, about which this paper had somewhat to say at the time the boy-murderer Coombes was tried, makes the following weighty observations:—

The man who sheds human blood is a murderer, and so is he who hates his brother, but what shall be said of those who suggest such horrible deeds to the half-formed minds about us?

In the majority of cases the youth who finds himself the inmate of a prison-cell could trace his downfall to the music-hall and to the untrue productions of untrue writers.



"CHARGED WITH MURDER!"

When seeking to rid the world of the monstrosity called a murderer we do well to reflect on the fact that the red-handed culprit whom justice has bounded to his doom does not represent the whole of the crime committed. See that you younger just out of school and making

## HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH THE PITCH

which shall presently defile the whole of his being. To-day he is content to scratch a paragraph here and there from the vile production found on a neighboring bookstall, but to-morrow he will buy the penny dreadful or the halfpenny horror and take it home with him to read when no one is by.

Among this garbage he reads of a fictitious life, where men become a law unto themselves, overturning all obstacles to their full enjoyment of earth's pleasures, and always clever enough to avert the punishment which in every-day life would be swift to follow. The restraints of home and school begin to chafe, and by-and-by the public-house becomes the resort of our city lads, whose minds are prostituted by the kind of literature already referred to.

\* \* \*

The formation or prostitution of a child's mind is no "little thing," or the Master would never have spoken the words we find recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew's Gospel; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the man or woman who turns aside the children of our land from the paths of righteousness by means of sensational glided lies, as little, if any better than a murderer, for those have power over the body only while they are daily peopling hell!

## Social Shreds.

A man in Nashville, Tenn., after reading a copy of "Darkest England," hunted up the Army Captain and gave him a donation of \$5 towards our work.

A tramp who was recently taken in and supplied with food at Clinchnut No. 1, took a valuable cornet with him at his departure unbeknown to the officers.

The Army officers in Ureport, Ill., recently got up a dinner for the poor children of the city, which was much appreciated by the partakers and encouraged by the citizens.

## PERSONAL.

Major S. F. Swift has been appointed to take charge of the Auxiliary Department of the Financial Secretary's Office in Great Britain.

Lieut. Currow, of the London Division, left last week for Berlin.

Adjutant Rogers, D. O. of Aberdeen, is promoted Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Cleverley and Eugen Clayden have arrived in Java.

Adjutant Sekunder returns to India with Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

Brigadier Hammond and Staff-Capt. Burrow arrived from Africa last week.

Adjutant Hopper, J. S. Secretary for Scotland, is promoted Staff-Captain.

Christianity is a great time for union of hearts. Several marriages are contemplated then.

Adjutant Erickson, of Iceland, has been in London on business. He returned on Monday, 11th.

Capt. Askew, of King's Lynn, and Capt. Tutte, of Leicester IL, are being transferred to the Light Brigade.

Brigadier Foranach, the Chief Secretary for France and Switzerland, is paying a flying visit to London.

The Marechal conducted large meetings in Paris on Sunday and Officers' Councils on Monday and Tuesday. Later on she again visits Rouen and Havre.

## IRELAND.

THE NEW IRISH P.O.—Major Oway's successor is Major Noyce, of the Canterbury Division.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

BRIGADIER HAMMOND, late of Africa, is to be Provincial Secretary for the Home Office Province.

MAJOR THORNER, late of Italy, is to be Chancellor for the Home Office Province, and D. O. of the Channel Isles. His residence will be in London.

## A NEW NEW YORKER.

"Belook," speaking of the reception to Editor Millsaps at New York, says: "At last the triumphal party entered the doors of Headquarters. The entire staff was assembled. The band struck up "Yankee Doodle." The Staff-Captain was seated on a chair and jerked about, to the intense delight of everybody. Into the corps hall he was escorted and was properly bounced.

"Then the Commander introduced him. He said lots of nice things about the golden West, and then said that in spite of all the things the West had done, it hadn't found a wife for Staff-Captain. However, we had young uncle here, and would try our best to supply this little deficiency. (Hurrax from everybody except the ladies.) He then announced Staff-Captain Millsaps' appointment—that of Sub-Editor-in-Chief under Major Cox, with the direct supervision of the New York War Cry."

"The Staff-Captain then spoke in a very natural manner, and said that he meant to uplift the Salvation banner wherever his General sent him, whether it be in the golden West or in the "angelic" East."

## Our Maxim Guns.

### FIRED FROM THE CRUSADERS.

DAVENPORT, Wash.—We have held our first meeting. Quite a good house, and \$340 collection. Mr. May, the banker, kindly loaned us a store, holding 200, a stove and fuel. We borrowed lamps, bought the oil. The saloon men, three in number, are going to close to-night, and come en masse, bringing the boys with them. Hallelujah! Quite a number, including Mr. May, have never been in a place of worship. They were with us last night and got hit pretty hard.

On our way from Crescent Prairie we stopped to water our horses, and Rev. Griffith, a U. B. minister, took us all to lunch, and then we had a fine prayer meeting.

Editor—I clung this from a letter from Lieut. Morris, if it's any credit, seeing that you are after Butler with a tomahawk.

F.E.S.

To the It-aiers:—There's a "tomahawk about it. I've only been trying to make these young Salvation Fly-aways report properly.—Ed.

## Holiness Witness Box.

### ANOTHER DEAD MAN Who Lives Again In Newness of Life

#### A TESTIMONY FOR THE TIMES.

Quite Spontaneous, having been Extracted from a Personal Letter.

#### BY AN AUXILIARY AND SOLDIER.

**G**OD HAS been teaching me in a most remarkable manner. His instruction has been practical and experimental. Even my blunders he has made to teach me. In some cases my lessons have been painfully learned. But I have always been so very grateful when I got to know my Lord's will concerning me.

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The S. A. is my place for life. I must not, dare not, separate myself from it. My scruples concerning S. A. government, the human discipline, the methods of testing, etc., have been entirely removed. It is the right way. I am satisfied that it is God's way. It is the only effective way by which we can fight sin and satan successfully.

The deeper I get into the philosophy of S. A. work, its methods, its present and probable future results, the more convinced I become that

#### IT IS GOD'S MESSAGE

to a proud, rebellious, stubborn and stiff-necked people. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to God for the S. A., cannot tell you how my heart swells and my soul thrills with joyful thankfulness for every step nearer the mark for the prize. Many of the steps have been made through tribulation and intense suffering of mind, but "He maketh sore and bindeth up, He wouleth and His hands make whole." If we humble ourselves under His mighty hand He will exalt us in due time. He says He has chosen us in the furnace of affliction.

Is it not delightful? When the last atom of self has been torn away; when we have been taught of Jesus to be meek and poor in spirit; when we awake to the fact that the proud, stubborn self-will is no longer part of our individuality; that instead of living to self and being dead in sin we are dead to self, to sin, to everything that separates us from our true self—King—that our will is the will of God, that we have a humble, lowly, contrite heart, resigned, submissive, with a heart from sin set free which neither life nor death can part from Him, for we have Christ and having Him we have life. Having died into the life of Jesus, we cannot die. How can I tell you of my joy? My heart is so full, His will is my delight. I thought I loved the comrades in the past, but compared with the present it was not love. Now I am teachable, preferring the least of the brethren rather than myself, willing to be servant to all, "humble," yes, humble. I can truthfully say it. Willing to submit to authority in high or low places; willing to be despised; yes, Lord, willing to be looked upon as a fool gladly, Beloved of my soul; willing to be anything, to go anywhere.

WILLINGLY, THANKFULLY, JOY-FULLY.

Love so amazing, so Divine, shall have my soul, my life, my all.

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Is it not wonderful that He should notice me, the wilfully blind sceptic, the ignorant rebel, the drunkard, the chief of sinners! Yet he had compassion and using the S. A. as His instrument I was touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness, chords that were broken now vibrate once more. Hallelujah to His dear name! He reached right down into the horrible pit and plucked me out of the mire clay of sin, and oh, wonder of wonders, He did not stop at that, but condescended to dwell in me, to purge me of dross, to refine and purify my character, my individuality, my soul, and He will continue the work till He sees in me the bright reflection of His image. I must serve Him, and He tells me if I serve Him His Father will honor me, and I pray it may be

with souls, souls for my Lord. Hallelujah and for life I am a Salvationist and a soldier. I've given myself to Jesus to fight under His banner in the ranks of the most despised of cross-bearers. How true, "the world knoweth us not because it hateth Him not."

## ANOTHER SELF-DENYING HERO SALVATIONIST.



The soldier who submitted to the operation is William Aston, of the Ironclaw corps. "I shall hereafter greatly respect the Salvation Army," said the courageous Dr. Anderson. "Mrs. Bergman," he continued, "requested me to heal a terrible wound. This could not be done, however, unless some other person supplied the required skin. Nobody seemed willing to suffer that she might recover, but at last a young Salvation Army soldier offered to supply what was needed, and he did it. Such love for humanity is worthy of our respect."

What will you do this S.-D. that others might benefit thereby? WHAT?

Let us all imitate Jesus, Whose life was the emblem of unselfishness, and Whose death was the embodiment of sacrifice.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

**SELF-DENIAL!** What a luxury to the holy soul! Sweeter than all the pleasures, treasures and ease that the world can offer. It was a joy to Christ to practise it, that the poor, rebel world may be redeemed. It is a delight to those who are sincerely His to follow Him.

Self-denial is healthy spiritual life and advancement. Oh! how the soul thrives that daily practices it! It is the most profitable soil for the soul to grow in. To lose Christ is to gain. To go down for His sake is to rise.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

A religion without sacrifice is like a garden without the cross.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

Self-denial brings a sweetness into your soul and life that nothing else will bring. The rich blessing that God gives to everyone who denies self of anything to help the cause along becomes far more precious every day than the gold or silver that you give.

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A Christian without self-denial is like a tree without fruit.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

If there is one scheme above another that the fishermen believe in and live out in their daily lives, it is self-denial. They glory in taking a part in moving the good old ship "SALVATION" with a few dollars to help the old chariot along.—Major Sharp.

Life lived for self is a life-failure, but a life spent in helping others is a life-victory.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.



The contents of some people's names explain why they can do nothing for S.-D.





Sergt. Major Cashin, Halifax I. ....  
Sergeant Field, St. John I. ....  
Mrs. Orme, New Glasgow .....  
Nellie Dallas, St. John I. ....  
Robert Kelloch, Stellarton .....  
Maggie McLean, Grand Falls .....  
Mr. Pet I., New Glasgow .....  
Mary Curnew, New Glasgow .....  
Sergt. MacLennan, Grand Falls .....  
John Nugent, St. John III. ....  
Sergt. Stevens, Woodstock .....  
Sergt. M. Stevens, Summerdale .....  
Sergt. J. Stevens, Woodstock.

NOTES.

The Soldiers left this week, leaving the Officers in the energetic cry boomers in the ranks. The soldiers have been given employment on the railroad, and servants load the van. The champion 60 for still keeps the prize, and holds the cities. 110 for Armstrong is the new champion. The 100 is held by a brother comrade with 45 followed by a brother comrade with 40. Armstrong is evidently bound to keep his place. There is no writer around N.B. who can tell this champion off. Away from the post, surely we have some one that can do it. Still, there'll have to be a change, or Armstrong will be declared the champion again.

Now for the Officers. Steiger is again to the front, while Lamont drops out altogether. What's the matter? Anything gone wrong at Truro? Carter's word is he has cut his piping. Armstrong is still 100, but 100 behind the champion. Now, Steiger, old boy, you'll need to watch or this 60's chap will rob you of your honour. Mrs. E. sign Steiger is a good fellow, and if he takes a few more steps will bring her on top. There's a good chance in Moncton, and both Carter and Steiger had better look out, or the better half of J. B. will lead them away.

Bravo! That's not all bad for Stellarton. 60 is A. 1. Good for Steiger.

Who lives in the town, And walks up and down, With never a frown; Her War Cry to sell, And every day Her son's soul saved from hell,

And getting on well.

Quite poetical, this morning.

Now Glasgow brings in seven boomers, efficient and well trained. They are now considered quite down town. A. S. Johnson turns the corner with three.

Halifax I. puts down five, and so on, and so forth.

Oh, yes, Woodstock is getting a move on.

Good luck to all in this column this week. Mrs. Miller takes the lead, followed by us, to live and move and boun the War Cry.

Colonel rather short this week. Where, oh, where are all the boomers? Charlottetown is out of sight, and the rest of the colonies are out of sight, too. Give him. These things are observed by Observer with sorrow. Can't there be a change? I think so, and next week, I will believe for a better appearance and standing next week. Hope so, anyway.

OBSERVER.

## AN ITALIAN HEROINE.

**She is Working in the Mines to Fetch Her Parents Over.**

## BEAUTIFUL SELF-DENIAL

A few summers ago a bright Italian girl came to New York and secured employment as a servant, having in view the saving of money enough to pay the passage of her parents from Italy to this more favored land. A brief experience showed her that at the low wages she was able to obtain it would be a long time before she could hope to see her parents, and she decided to adopt the garb of a man, in order that she might obtain a man's wages. She did so, and readily found employment on a railroad which was being built in Pennsylvania.

Despite the blustering of her hands, the tolling of the hammers of the labor, the toil of actually filling the stones, living by herself in a small hut but not far from Hazelton, and no match at all possible involvement with her fellow-laborers, by whom the supposed effeminate young man was not held in high esteem.

She had nearly accumulated the amount of money necessary to bring the parents to America, when a former neighbor of the family in the old

plan to get rid of her.

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She had nearly accumulated the amount of money necessary to bring the parents to America, when a former neighbor of the family in the old

country was given employment on the railroad, and placed in the same gang with the strong-hearted young woman. He immediately recognized her, and the fact of her disguise was reported to the foreman; but the latter, on hearing her pathetic story, did not order her discharge. He simply consented that she should go on with the work she had been pursuing, and at last reports she was merrily wielding the pick and shovel, happy in the assurance that her partners would soon be with her.

## PRESS POINTS.



**Another Staff Wedding in December.**

At — LOOK OUT!

A little more patience, please.

## COLONEL HOLLAND,

With the T. H. Q. BAND, will visit the following corps—

Lisgar St., Dec. 15; Yorkville, Dec. 16.  
Special and attractive Musical Series. A big draw.

## Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs.

Toronto (Richmond St.), Dec. 15; Toronto (Lange St.), Dec. 22.

## Mrs. Major Head.

Toronto (Lisgar St.), Dec. 8.

## Major Collier and Social Star.

Newmarket, Dec. 22.

## Staff-Capt. McMillan.

Toronto (Lisgar St.), Dec. 12th.

## Staff-Capt. Smeeches.

Assisted by ADJUTANT AND MRS. PHILLIPS  
Toronto (Richmond St.), Dec. 8th.

## Adjutant and Mrs. Phillips.

Toronto (Temple), Dec. 22.

## Eight Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

GARRET SCHELL, with lantern—Drayton, Dec. 6, 7, 8; Fergus, Dec. 9; Elora, Dec. 10; Rockwood, Dec. 12; Acton, Dec. 13.

Capt. J. BAILEY, with lantern.—Lake Dufferin, Dec. 1 to 11.

ADJUTANT MAGRIS, with lantern.—Matlock L., Dec. 12; Galt, Dec. 13; Waterloo, Dec. 14; C. A. Stockdale, Dec. 15; Stanstead Junction Dec. 16; Sherbrooke, Dec. 16 to 15; Quebec, Dec. 6 to 23.

## MISSING

CAPTAIN HOLMAN of the Women's Shelter, Toronto, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant LOWRIE of the Women's Shelter, Toronto, to be Captain.



All letters will be reprinted as strictly confidential and addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, G. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

FIFTY CENTES SHOULD ACCURATELY AFFIXED.

1922. **Kitto, John**, formerly a R. A. Sailor at Hartland, Conn., 8 or 10 years ago moved to Toronto.

1923. **Henry, Frank**, dray clerk, E. side by birth, worked o. U.P.R. on Madeline Hat Division in the summer of 1923. Left for the U.S. in October to his mother's residence in New York. An old friend used to like him from him. All correspondence to him.

1924. **Medland, Oscar**, Alberta, but now on the road, now West German, N.W.T., now in the Yukon, now in British Columbia, now in Alaska, right around. Formerly lived in Winslow, Man.

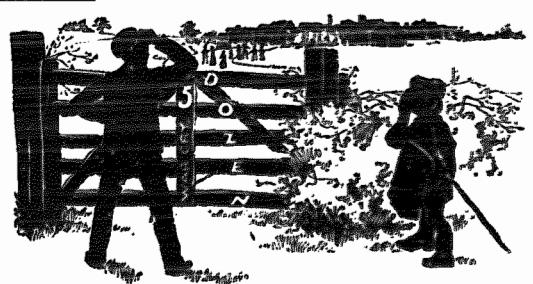
1925. **Thompson, Alexander**, alias Melchett, b. at St. John's, Newfoundland, 1915. R. of a Dr. Odele, Quebec, on a ship to Europe. Now in England, where he is engaged in the coal business. His wife, Mrs. Thompson, is High Sheriff, Gwynedd, North Wales.

1926. **Pearson, James**, d. M., left Country Arrows, Ir. in 1920. Was a R.C. in Ireland, but home to Canada in Toronto, about 1922.

1927. **White, Alfred George**, aged 27, very dark, lost from West. Left England for Manitoba; used to work on the railway in Manitoba, but after a short time, went to the U.S. Left his wife just after arriving in Canada.

1928. **Leigh**, Mrs. Harry, died in 1927 in Pymouth, England. Her father used to live in New Zealand, and he had heard nothing of him for 12 months.

1929. **Bertram, Harry**, Harry, and **George**, Bob, formerly lived in Victoria, B.C., now in Victoria, Tex., 1920. For the past 18 months they have been absent, and were always held at the Mount P.O. Had intended to buy a place and live under the country. Harry was a kindly man, a cook, aged 32. George, middle age.



—From the English War Cry.

# RE-TOLD!

## SELF-DENIAL AMMUNITION!

"Follow Me!"

THE GREAT conquering Caesar, it is stated, never said to his soldiers, "Ita!" go on, but "Venite," come on, or follow me.

So it is with our great Example. When He commands, He shows us the way. "Come, follow Me," is the Divine injunction.

### Meant Victory.

AT AGINCOURT it was told the commander that the forces against them were six times the number of his English troops.

"It is so!" said the captain, undismayed. "Then there are enough to be cut in pieces, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

### Wanted—Salvation Spartans.

A handful of the BRAVE SPARTANS undertook to defend a pass against the whole army of Perseus, so prodigious, it was asserted, that the flight of their arrows would intercept the shining of the sun.

"Then" calmly replied the fearless leader, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

### Are You Afraid.

A Dervish travelling over the desert met the Cholera, to whom he said, "Where are you going?" The Cholera replied, "I'm going to Bagdad to kill 20,000 people." And so afterwards the same Dervish met the Cholera returning, and said, "You Cholera have killed 30,000." "No, no," said the Cholera, "I killed 20,000; you killed the rest."

### Not to be Bought.

LUTHER was remarkable for his contempt of riches. The Elector of Saxony offered him the produce of a mine at Sanger, but he nobly refused it. His enemies were no strangers to his self-denial.

One of them asked another why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold; the reply was "THAT GERMAN BEAST REGARDS NOT MONEY."

### How much Can You Sacrifice for the Kingdom.

A Spartan woman had five sons in the Army on the day of battle. When a soldier came running from the camp to the city, she, waiting at the gate to hear his report, asked, "What news?"

"They five sons are slain," said the messenger.

"I did not ask after my sons," answered she. "I asked how goes it in the field of battle?"

"Why," replied the messenger, "we have gained the victory; SPARTA IS SAFE!"

"Then let us be thankful," exclaimed this self-forgetting mother, "for our deliverance and continued freedom."

### "None of Self!"

A wife underneath one of the works of a citadel was entrusted to the charge of a sergeant and a few soldiers of the Piedmontese guards.

Several companies of the enemies' troops had made themselves masters of this work, and the loss of the place would probably soon have followed had they maintained their post in it.

The mine was charged, and a single spark would blow them all into the air.

The sergeant, with the greatest coolness, ordered the soldiers to retire, desiring them to request the king to take care of his wife and children, then struck fire, set a match to the train, and SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY.

### "Oh, ye Corinthians!"

A Corinthian in history, seeing his brother fall with his wounds in battle, instantly leaped over his pros-

trate body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder. Though sorely wounded meanwhile himself, he would not retreat to a place of safety till his charge was carried off the field by friends.

What a lesson this ancient heathen teaches us! Would to God Salvationists would all imitate him, and as bravely and tenderly screen from abuse and calumny the wounded reputation of dying honor of an absent or defenceless brother!

### He Did Not Deny Self!

#### TEN YEARS' DISOBEDIENCE.

##### A Retrospect.

(Signed "DISHEARTENED")

I WONDER whether there has been anyone who has attended these recent meetings at Toronto who has had such a painfully hard experience as I have had.

I pray not!

But as I sat at these meetings, night after night, my whole life and its connection with the Salvation Army came vividly before me.

What an experience! Ten years of disobedience to God! My God, it cannot be, and yet it is even more than that!

Meeting the Army in my own home in Scotland, watching closely the soldiers' lives because of the high standard of Christian experience that they preached, volunteering for the work, my first open disobedience, having to leave my own comfortable home because the thought so haunted me, and all my experience since. Oh, the bitterness of it all!

Since first I met them I have travelled well-nigh round the world trying to find rest, but, like Noah's dove, finding nothing solid for the sole of my foot. Occupying positions of influence and responsibility, but able to obtain

##### NOT ONE GRAIN OF SATISFACTION!

TIONING!

And then comes this series of meetings, which I did not seem able to keep away from, in spite of the fact that they brought nothing to me but UNREST.

Oh, Colonel Holland, you little know all that you have caused in this poor heart of mine since you showed me the ultimate result of my continued disobedience to God!

What shall the end be?

God Himself only knows! I am willing that God should indeed have all my time.

But I am not willing that it shall be in the Salvation Army.

It is my trouble, and all my trouble. I try to make excuses why it should not be, but have as yet been unable to get one that in any way answers my purpose. And what

##### A STRANGE FOREBODING

this is that comes to me, and tells me that God shall yet, by His Own means, bring me into this work, the work He has specially chosen for me.

What is my purpose in writing this? Simply to tell those who have just begun a life of disobediences, possibly just since the last convention took place, that there will be no pleasure in this life at all, no matter what your advantages are, socially or financially, unless you yield yourselves to Him as His Spirit shall lead.

Here I sit, in a position which would doubtless satisfy most young men of my own years, and yet in the morning I cry, "Would to God it were the evening, and when evening does come, 'Would to God it were the morning.'" Can anyone conceive of a more wretched experience?

But I cannot write more; my heart is very, very sad, and the tears rush into my eyes, so I leave you with the prayer that my bitter experience may not be repeated in your life, for the way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

Will you look at Jesus, at His life of care?

Will you call Him your Master and King?

In His cut of suffering will you gladly share?

All you have to His feet will you bring?

### SELF DID NOT COUNT HERE.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster who had been arrested for reading the Bible, was asked, "Do you not love your wife and children, and will you not recant for their sake?" "God knows," was the brave reply, "that if the earth were gold, and the stars an pearl, and they my own, I would willingly part with them to have my wife and children with me; yet neither for life, nor wife, nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce my Redeemer." The cost for him was all life dear.

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ONE DAY, in going the round of the trenches, General Gordon heard a corporal muttering of disgruntled in view of alteration. He stopped to ask what was the matter, when he was told that the men were engaged placing some fresh gabions in the battery, and that the corporal had ordered the sapper to stand up on the parapet, where he was exposed to the enemy's fire, whilst the corporal, in the full shelter of the battery, handed the basket up to him. Gordon at once jumped up to the parapet, ordering the corporal to join him, whilst the sapper handed them the gabions. When the work was done, and done under the fire of the watchful Russian gunners, Gordon turned to the corporal and said, "Never order a man to do anything that you are afraid to do yourself."

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"The prayer ended, Brown, turning to his wife, reminded her that the time had come which he had spoken of when their troth was plighted, and asked her if she could part with him. "Willingly," she said, on which Brown said, "This is all I desire. I have now nothing more to do than to die." Kissing her and the children with throbbing heart and quivering lips, he prayed, "May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you!" No more said this, broke out Claverhouse, smiting his hand on Claverhouse, clutching his sword of self-command, "I have six dragoons, live on the fanfare!" They stood like statues, as if entranced; on which Claverhouse, snatching a pistol from his belt, shot Brown thro' the head, his brains spurting out. The wife caught her murdered husband as he fell. "What think ye of your husband now?" said Claverhouse. "I ay thought much of him, sir, but never so much as I do this day," was the reply."

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WHAT A LITTLE HAND DID—On the 25th of November, 1888, a number of seamen were clinging to a vessel which was stranded at Hull, Mass. An attempt was made to reach them by firing the Hunt gun, and so send a line to the doomed vessel to connect it with the shore. The attempt was in vain. The powder was damp, and the gun did not go off. What could be done? Time was precious. It was not easy to draw the charge, and who knew but the fire might be smouldering and working its way in, and might yet explode the powder at any moment? Mrs. Sarah A. Cogan, the recently married, nineteen-year-old daughter of John C. Hayes, of Hull, was the only person in the crowd whose hand was small enough to go into the barrel of that gun; and though to put it in there was to run the risk of having it burst into fragments, yet she thrust it in her arm and removed the damp powder, so that the gun could do its work, and so communication was opened with the vessel, and some fifteen lives were saved. Well, there are many little hands that have done work which no one else could do, and which has never received a reward; but the Lord keeps record of it all, and when He rewards the gift of a cup of cold water, He will not forget the work that has been done by little hands (Matt. x. 42).

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HOW A LADY STOPPED THE CURFEW.—In the time of Cromwell, a young soldier, for some offence was condemned, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner, and waited, while the sun was setting, for the signal from the distant bell-tower. To the wonder of everybody it did not

ring! A young lady, to whom he was engaged, had rushed unseen up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry loft, and seized the tongue of the bell. The sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practised hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from the bell until the Agitator again and again with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every stroke made her position more fearful; every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window; but she would not let go. At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf, he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal; the brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution. Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent.

"At his feet she told her story, showing her hands all bruised and torn, and her sweet young face still haggard with the anguish it had worn."

To touch her heart with sudden pity: "Go; your lover lives," cried Cromwell; "curfew shall not ring to-night."

### ALL THRO' THE SOUP.

Self-Denial Helps Provide the Soups.

"Yes, I am out of jail, but I guess I will get in again before night," said a man. His friend told him that he ought to try and not get in again, and the poor old fellow said to him, "Well, what is a fellow to do? Everybody knows a jail-bird; what chance has he got? Prison is my only home." "Well," said his mate, "I know some people who will help you to get out of the Salvation Army." "What's that?" said the poor old man. "Well," said the other, "they are religious people." Scottie gave a long low whistle, and said, "I don't care to stock in religion." "Well," said his friend, "they're awful good religious people; they're not the kind that stuff you with sermons. They give you soup first and the sermons after." So Scottie agreed to go, and I saw him ladling the soup into his mouth, and between the mouthfuls of soup he said, "Well, Governor, I don't know much about your religion, but your soup is awful good." He was soon saved and wearing the Salvation Army guernsey, and it was not long before he was in that shelter as a leader of other men. Seventy years old when saved, and he tells us today how he never would have come to us if it had not been for the soup.

MOOSEJAW, N. W. T.—Officers, soldiers, old and new converts, are all standing firm in the strength of Jehovah. Great interest is being taken in our meetings, the Spirit of God dealing with the unawed, and altogether we are having a good time with the Lord. We love to fight for God, and although many times the conflict is severe, "we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God." We are not one bit discouraged—J. H. Middagh, for Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. Anderson.

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SYDNEY, C.B.—Souls have boldly sought salvation at the penitent-form, and a number have raised their hands for prayer. We have had a visit from Adjutant Gage, which was much enjoyed by the Sydney people. We have also had the privilege of having Cadet-Captain and Mrs. Thompson, two of the outpost members, with us for a four days' meeting. They are entering the work. On Wednesday night Mrs. Cadet-Captain Thompson (see Capt. Thompson) gave her life's experience, which was interesting and edifying. These comrades have the best wishes of the Sydney people. We trust that God will make them a great blessing wherever they go. We are getting ready for Self-Denial. Every body will do their part. We expect to come off with flying colors—W.A.S.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has great courage to fight when he's sure of losing.—G. Eliot.

# SALVATION SONGS

Tune—"There is a better world, they say" B.J. 11, 8; "Christ has come" B.J. 207, or, "How will you do?" B.B. 62.

1 What fills the heart untouched by God?

Self alone.

What claims the best earth can afford?

Self alone.

What brings the woe that fills our land, And holds the heart with iron band, And keeps fast closed the greedy hand?

Self alone.

Who put all selfish claims aside? Christ alone.

Who gave His all, for others died? Christ alone.

Who can unloose these selfish ties, To others' needs unseal our eyes, And for them make us sacrifice? Christ alone.

What is the secret of success? Self-Denial.

What is it tests our faithfulness? Self-Denial.

'Tis this which shows that we are true, When foes are thick and helpers few, This proves to all what Christ can do,

Self-Denial.

R. T.

Tune—"Still it flows," B.J. 140.

2 Bring your tithes into the store-house;

Lay your best at Jesus' feet; Bring an offering to the altar, Make your sacrifice complete.

Chorus.

Bring your dearest and your best, Bring your dearest and your best, Join with us in self-denial, Bring your dearest and your best.

Bring your time and bring your talents, Bring that which will cost you pain; Bring your best, your dearest treasure,

Let God have His own again. Though your all seem very little, Cast it in God's treasury; Jesus always recognises what is given cheerfully.

God has promised if we prove Him that He will His blessing send; And this know, if you are faithful, He will be your dearest Friend.

## HOLINESS.

Tune—"Scatter seeds of kindness": "Speak, Saviour, speak" (with old chorus), B.J. 88; "I will follow Thee, my Saviour" (with old chorus), B.J. 1.

3 Have you seen the thousands round you, Sighing Jesus o'er and o'er, Talk not then of India's millions, With the heathen at your door. While the souls of men are dying, Let your cry to heaven be— "Jesus put Thy love within me, That a saviour I may be."

Chorus.

I'm bringing all to Jesus, I'm bringing all to Jesus, I'm bringing all to Jesus, For He gave Himself for me.

Though you cannot sing like angels, Though you cannot speak like Paul, You can tell the heedless wanderer That your Jesus died for all. Will you sacrifice your treasures? Will you consecrate her? Will you answer while He calleth "Here am I, send me, send me!"

Have you seen the righteous dying? Have you heard their joyful cry, "Though I'm passing thro' the river, I am not afraid to die; For the blood has cleansed me,

I have only one regret, That I've won so few to Jesus, For His love I never forget."

Tune—"I hear Thy welcome voice" B.J. No. 55, 8.

4 Lord, in my heart and life, There's nothing hid from Thee, If there is aught Thou can't see.

Reveal it, Lord, to me.

Chorus.

Let Thy Spirit fall, On my heart just now; Burning all the dross and sin, While at Thy cross I bow.

Is there upon my soul

The gift—oh, can it be?—

Of others ruined by my life?

And led astray from Thee?

Is there within my heart

A part untouched by love?

Oh, let the hallowed flame just now

The hinderance remove!

Let every thought and power

Be subject to Thy will;

Then, only then, can grace Divine

Thy law in my fulfil.

Then shall my life be blent

In leading souls to Thee;

And they with me shall prove Thy

power,

To save and set them free.

—Mary J. Black, Perth.

## WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tune—"Gird on the armor!" or "I have read of men of faith," B.J. 38, 2.

5 I've a bit of fighting done, And had many a chance to run;

Glory to Jesus, He has kept me! I've seen grand salvation sights; And had many lovelyights—

Glory to Jesus, He has kept me!

Chorus.

All glory to Jesus for keeping me true!

All glory to Jesus, I love Him, I do!

He has led me day by day,

He has brightened up the way—

Tell me what should I do without

Him?

As I look back o'er the past,

Praise and gratitude rise fast—

Glory to Jesus, He has kept me!

As of future days I think—

Faith and hope together link—

In Heaven I'll sing that "Jesus

kept me!"

Let my days be short or long,

Bring me sorrow, bring me song—

Strive in the War my Lord will

keep me!

I will live His will to do,

Winning souls and holding true,

Faithful till death I know He'll

keep me!

Capt. Mahanand, Boushey.

Tune—"Are you washed?" B.B. 46, or B.J. 210.

6 In the steps of Him who, though the Prince of Heaven, Left His riches and stooped to earth's loss,

Will you do the work that He to you has given?

Will you share the reproach of the cross?

Chorus.

Will you share, will you share,

Will you share the reproach of the Cross?

For the sake of those for whom the Saviour died,

Will you share the reproach of the Cross?

Will you lose the comfort and the ease you love,

And for their sakes be weary and poor?

So that other weary ones His rest may prove, That for them may be swung Heaven's door,

If you want to reach at last the Heaven's won,

Jesus says you yourself must die; You your cross must carry, let His will be done,

Then His welcome you'll hear in the sky.

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